

ROADSIDE ATTRACTIONS

Written by

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Simplyscripts Challenge - 6 pages max

Theme: Just the two of us on a road trip!

Genre: Open

A road trip, sometimes spelled roadtrip, is a long-distance journey traveled by a car or a motorcycle.

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EXT. ROADSIDE STOP - DAWN

Sunlight cracks over the hills quilted with pine and deciduous trees at a roadside stop. NICK, 50s, dressed like a disheveled lawyer without his jacket, stretches as he watches the sunrise. A Desert Eagle handgun sticks out the back of his pants.

The world is coming alive. Birds CHIRP. Crickets CRICKET. Morning dew rainbows the sun rays as the watery orbs glisten. The future looks bright.

A zipper UNZIPS. The SOUND of piss drilling the dirt.

Nick Sighs.

Birds CHIRP.

The COCKING of the Glock at the back of Nick's head.

Nick continues to pee.

Birds CHIRP.

Crickets CRICKET.

The Glock is pressed against Nick's head. A hand pulls Nick's Desert Eagle out of the back of his pants out.

Nick finishes peeing and gives a jiggle. A zipper is ZIPPED UP and Nick places his hands on his hips. Breathes in deeply.

NICK  
Beautiful isn't it?

MAN  
Send me a pic.

NICK  
Won't I be too dead for that?

The RUSTLE of the leaves in the breeze.

KENT, 30s, smartly dressed in an overcoat pockets Nick's gun.

KENT  
Where's the documents?

NICK  
How much are they paying you?

KENT  
An Obscene amount.

NICK  
How obscene?

KENT  
Obscenely obscene! Where are the documents?

NICK  
R-rated amounts... Wow! What are you waiting for? The money shot is right here.

KENT  
I get triple with the documents.

NICK  
Triple X... that's a double wow... no triple wow! You are a true professional to be that obscene...

The Glock is UNCOCKED. Nick's stance relaxes. Kent brings down the heel of his gun onto the crook of Nick's neck. Nick drops to his knees.

Kent fires a shot. The round misses Nick's head, hits the dirt with dirt shrapnel back splashing into Nick's face.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Got it. Straight to business.

KENT  
I really hate lawyers and the mind games that they play.

Kent grits his teeth.

KENT (CONT'D)  
Where... are... the... documents?

NICK  
I mailed it... to myself... like a chain letter... The locations are marked on my map. But... Only I can get it with my ID. If I don't show up on time, it will be mailed off to the next location and eventually to it's final destination. So, you up for a road trip?

Kent looks at his watch while making a white knuckle fist.

ROADTRIP MONTAGE: Various locations

- At various postal outlets in small towns across America, Kent is annoyed and irritated with Nick's failure to produce the documents.

- At several roadside attractions like The World's largest ball of twine, CarHenge, The World's Largest Jackalope, etc., Nick takes selfies of himself smiling with Kent grimacing looking at his watch at each location.

- Nick marks an X on each location visited on his map with red dots indicating other locations to travel to.

END MONTAGE:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Kent awakens realizing he fell asleep and sees that Nick is relaxed and calmly driving the car.

NICK

Why do you hate lawyers?

Kent hesitates.

KENT

When I was a teen, my mother was a witness and victim to a crime. The lawyer who cross-examined her destroyed her character. The experience was worse than the crime. The maggot got away with it.

Nick listens with compassion.

KENT (CONT'D)

He lied and made it look like she was the problem. People believed him. She lost work. For every lawyer I put down there is always a replacement. Just like weeds.

NICK

Not all lawyers are bad. Some have the unsavory task to defend the guilty. You kill for money. What makes you better?

KENT

My job requires discretion and integrity lest another is hired to put me down. Integrity, something your firm doesn't get.

Nick sighs.

NICK

That is why I am alone doing this.  
Someone needs to bring justice to  
the little people like your mom so  
they don't get screwed. Even if it  
gets me killed.

Kent eyes Nick with hidden admiration.

KENT

Just drive.

Kent watches the shadowy undulating night trees drift by.

EXT. GRAND CANYON - NIGHT

Both men exit the car. Kent sits on the hood and just looks  
out into the desert. Nick is puzzled.

NICK

This is odd. There is nothing here.  
I thought you were in a rush.

KENT

When I was a kid, before my dad  
passed away, he used to take me  
here. It had the best views. You  
helped me remember.

NICK

That's the problem when one becomes  
a professional at anything. One  
tends to lose sight of what really  
matters. A life not lived is just  
as good as being dead.

Kent pulls out Nick's Desert Eagle and hands it to him. Nick  
is surprised.

KENT

Have you ever fired the gun?

NICK

No. I bought this because it looks  
really threatening.

KENT

That's like becoming a lawyer and  
never using your brief case to hold  
documents. You need to learn the  
tools you have in your possession.

Nick smiles.

KENT (CONT'D)  
Do what I do.

Kent makes a stance, holds the gun with proper grip, fires a round. Nick follows suite. Gunshots echo as the night sky starts to brighten to morning.

Nick looks at his gun and then at Kent. Nick Hesitates with temptation.

KENT (CONT'D)  
Not as easy as it looks.

Nick smiles guiltily.

KENT (CONT'D)  
This way. The sun is almost up. All those silly roadside attractions have nothing like this.

They walk to the cliff's edge and gaze. The sun peaks over the horizon. The day begins to stir.

KENT (CONT'D)  
Take a deep breath. Soak it in.  
Take your time.

NICK  
It took you long enough. The documents are in the briefcase.

KENT  
Already looked. Just a sandwich and a container of mustard in there.

NICK  
It's my tool. There is a hidden panel. You need a magnet to pull the lining out.

KENT  
Lawyers. Always the mind games.

NICK  
It's what we do.

Kent SIGHS. Gestures towards the rising sun.

KENT  
Beautiful isn't it?

Nick nods.

EXT. GRAND CANYON - DAWN

In the distance, two silhouettes of the men standing near the cliffs edge overlooking the canyon. A raven CAWS. A mosaic of yellow, orange and pink paints the desert as the sun creeps upwards. One silhouette walks behind the other and raises a gun. He hesitates for what seems like an eternity.

A shot echoes in the canyon. The front person silhouette's head jolts forward as the body keels over the edge in an unglorious dive.

EXT. GRAND CANYON CLIFF EDGE - DAWN

Kent listens to the deafening silence echoing ceaselessly. He walks back to the car, reaches under the car and detaches a magnetic airtag tracker. Kent uses the magnetic tracker to find the hidden documents in Nick's brief case.

Kent pulls out his phone and texts his client.

Kent's text: "It is done"

Client's text: "What about the documents?"

Kent's text: "He sent it by courier. He wouldn't say which."

Client's text: "We are very disappointed! We have a new mission!"

Kent's text: "I have another mission that has been delayed because of this one. Transfer the funds as agreed"

Client's text: "Funds transferred"

Kent looks at the phone with a smile and then at the view.

KENT

Ha ha ha... Looks like I lost my  
triple X.

EXT. RANDOM TOWN NEAR A MAILBOX - DAY

Kent parks the car. Kent mails the package. Goes back to his car, pulls out Nick's map which is marked with X's on places they visited and dots of places yet to be visited.

He ponders for a moment, circles a dot in Oregon. Closes the map. Tosses the map onto the gold panning supplies in the back seat. Drives off.